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THE POEMS
OF
JOHN AUDELAY.

A SPECIMEN OF THE SHROPSHIRE DIALECT
IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

EDITED BY
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PREFACE.

AMONG the *capellani* of the quiet monastery of Haghmon, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, lived one, a truly penitent and righteous monk, who atoned for the excesses of his early life by the devotion of an enthusiast, and called the priesthood to their duty by the voice of literature, even during the afflictions of the blind and the deaf. He was no Lollard. A pious priest, denouncing the opinions of Wickliffe, teaching that dissent and heresy would assuredly lead to damnation, he was yet well aware that the return of the leaders of his religion to their early discipline, was the only chance left for restoring orthodoxy. His name was John Audelay, or Awdlay, as the name is spelt different ways in the same manuscript.

A selection from the poems of this somewhat remarkable writer, is presented to the reader in the following pages. The original MS. formerly belonged to Farmer, and is now in Mr. Douce's

collection. We have printed only a small portion of it; for the MS. is scarcely worthy of being published entire, and is, indeed, principally valuable as exhibiting a faithful specimen of the Salopian dialect at so early a period. The greater portion appears to form part of one work, the MS. being unfortunately imperfect; but the following colophon is found about the middle of it:—

“ Finito libro, sit laus et Gloria Christo !
 Liber vocatur concilium concienzie sic nominatur,
 Aut scala celi et vita salutis eterni.

Iste liber fuit compositus per Johannem Awdelay, capellanum, qui fuit secus et surdus, in sua visitacione, ad honorem Domini nostri Jhesu Christi, et ad exemplum aliorum, in monasterio de Haghamon, anno Domini millesimo cccc.^{mo} vicessimo vi.^{to} cujus anime propicietur Deus. Amen.”

In the following lines, which are found immediately before the colophon, he expresses, somewhat feelingly, the afflictions under which he laboured, and the inspiration of his muse :—

“ As I lay seke in my langure,
 In an abbay here be west,
 This boke I made with gret dolour,
 When I myzt slep ne have no rest ;
 Oftt with my prayers I me blest,
 And sayd hilé to heven kyng,
 I knowlache, Lord, hit is the best

Mekelé to take thi vesetyng,
 Ellis wot I wil that I were lorne,
 Of al lordis be he blest !
 Fore al that 3e done is fore the best,
 Fore in thi defawte was never mon lost,
 That is here of womon borne.

“ Mervel 3e not of this makyng,
 Fore I me excuse, hit is not I ;
 This was the Holé Gost wercheng,
 That sayd these wordis so faythfully ;
 Fore I quoth never bot hye folý,
 God hath me chastyst fore my levyng !
 I thong my God my grace treuly
 Fore his gracious vesityng.
 Beware, seris, I 3oue pray,
 Fore I mad this with good entent,
 In the reverens of God omnipotent ;
 Prays fore me that beth present,
 My name is Jon the blynd Awdlay.”

In another place, in nearly the same words, he apparently alludes to the errors of his earlier years :—

“ Mervel 3e noȝt of this makyng,
 Fore I me excuse, hit is not I,
 Fore this of Godis oun wrytyng,
 That he send down fro heven on hye,
 Fore I couth never bot he folý ;
 He hath me chastist for my levyng.
 I thonk my God my grace treuly,
 Of his gracious vesetyng.”

Nearly all Audelay's poems that have descended

to us are of a religious cast, and partake of much sameness. The following lines on King Henry VI are an exception, and by no means an unfavourable specimen of his poetical talents :—

De rege nostro Henrico sexto.

“ A ! perles pryns, to the we pray,
 Save our kyng both nyxt and day !
 Fore he is ful yong, tender of age,
 Semelé to se, o bold corage,
 Lovelé and lofté of his lenage,
 Both perles prince and kyng veray ;
 His gracious granseres and his grawndame,
 His fader and moderis of kyngis thay came,
 Was never a worthier prynce of name,
 So exelent in al our day.
 His fader fore love of mayd Kateryn,
 In Fraunce he wrojt turment and tene,
 His love hee sayd hit schuld not ben,
 And send him ballis him with to play.
 Then was he wyse in wers withalle,
 And tajt Franchemen to plai at the ball,
 With tenes hold he ferd ham halle,
 To castelles and setis thei floyn away.
 To Harflete a sege he layd anon,
 And cast a bal unto the towne ;
 The Frenchemen swere be se and sun,
 Hit was the fynd that mad that fray !
 Anon thai toke ham to cownsele,
 Oure gracious kyng thai wold asayle,
 At Agyncourt at that batayle
 The floure of Frawnce he fel that day.
 The kyng of Frawnce then was agast,

Mesagers to him send in hast,
 Fore wele he west hit was bot wast
 Hem to withstond in honé way ;
 And prayd hym to sese of his outrage,
 And take Kateryn to mareage,
 Al Frawnce to him schuld do homage,
 And croune him kyng afftyr his day.
 Of Frawnce he mad him anon regent,
 And wedid Kateren in his present ;
 Into Englund anon he went,
 And cround our quene in ryal aray.
 Of quen Kateryn our kyng was borne,
 To save our ryzt that was fore-lorne,
 Oure faders in Frawns had won beforne,
 Thai han hit hold moné a day.
 Thus was his fader a conqueroure,
 And wan his moder with gret onoure,
 Now may the kyng bere the floure
 Of kyngis and kyngdams in uche cuntré !
 On him schal fal the prophecé,
 That hath ben sayd of kyng Herré,
 The holé cros wyn or he dye,
 That Crist habud on good Fryday ;
 Al wo and werres he schal acese,
 And set alle reams in rest and pese,
 And turne to Christyndam al hevynes,
 Now grawnt him hit so be may !
 Pray we that Lord is Lord of alle,
 To save our kyng his reme ryal,
 And let never myschip uppon him falle,
 Ne false traytoure him to betray !
 I pray youe, seris, of your gentré,
 Sing this carol reverently,
 Fore hit is mad of kyng Herré,

Gret ned fore him we han to pray !
 3if he fare wele, wele schul we be,
 Or ellis we may be ful soré ;
 Fore him schal wepe moné an e ;
 Thus prophecis the blynd Awdlay."

Among the other portions of the MS. may be noticed an account of St. Paul's journey to the regions of the wicked ; a prayer to St. Francis ; a curious alliterative poem somewhat defaced, entitled "De tribus regis;" and a copy of the poem commencing "De mundus militat," which has been printed by Mr. Wright in his edition of Walter Mapes, p. 147. The MS. concludes with the following lines, which inform the reader that he may have a copy on condition that he will pray for the author's soul :—

"Cujus finis bonus ipsum totum bonum,
 Finito libro, sit laus et gloria Christo !
 No mon this book he take away,
 Ny kutt owte noo leef, y say for why ;
 For hyt ys sacrelege, sirus, y 3ow say,
 [He] beth acursed in the dede truly ;
 3ef 3e wil have any copi,
 Askus leeve and 3e shul have,
 To pray for hym specialy,
 That hyt made 3our soules to save,
 Jon the blynde Awdelay ;
 The furst prest to the Lord Strange he was,
 Of thys chauntré here in this place,
 That make thys bok by Goddus grace,

Deeff, siek, blynd, as he lay,
Cujus anime propicietur Deus."

With regard to the dialect in which these poems are written, it would be both difficult and unsatisfactory to make a comparison of them with the present language of Shropshire. Mr. Hartshorne has exhibited the modern Salopian dialect very fully ; but the similarities are not very easily perceptible. The tendency to turn *o* into *a*, and to drop the *h*, may be recognized in the following pages, as *ald* for *hold*, &c. *I* is still turned into *e*, which may be regarded one of Audelay's dialectical peculiarities, especially in the prefixes to the verbs ; but the *ch* for *sh* or *sch*, so common in Audelay, has not found a place in Mr. Hartshorne's glossary. There is much uncertainty in reasoning on the early provincial dialects, owing to the wide difference between the broad and the more polished specimens of the language of the same county ; and the present work can be by no means considered as affording an example of the broadest and purest early Salopian dialect.

Nothing seems to be known of Audelay beyond the little that the sole existing MS. of his poems has recorded ; and we have already selected all the biographical information to be derived from that source. The MS. Bodl. 546, formerly belonged

to one John Audelay, whose name occurs in several places, but although of nearly the same period, it may be doubted whether this person was the Shropshire poet. It may also be added that a very good account of the contents of the MS. of Audlay's poems is given in the recent Catalogue of Douce's MSS., a collection now deposited in the Bodleian library. The ruins of Haghmon Monastery, the place of the poet's abode, still remain, and are, we believe, the property of John Corbet, Esq.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

POEMS OF JOHN AUDELAY.

I.

* * * * *

IN hel ne purgatore non other plase,
Thes synnes wold make 3ou schamyd and schent,
And lese 3our worchyp in erth and grace.
Al day withene sene thou has
Hou men bene slayne fore dedlé synne,
And han vengans fore here trespace,
Both lyve and goodes that lesyn then
by londys law.
3if thai had kept Cristis comaundment,
Thai schuld never be schamyd ne chent,
Ne lost here lyfe, ne lond, ne rent,
nouthur hongud ne draw.

Hel is not ordent fore ry3twyseme[n],
Bot fore hom that here serven the fynd;
No more ys a preson of lyme and ston,
Bot to hom that the lausys thai done offend.
Fore wyckyd dedys makys thevys i-schent,
Hye on galouys fore to heng,

Ther ryztwyse men thai han god end ;
Fore thay bene treue in here levying,
trust wel therto.

He that levys here ryztwysly,
On what dey that ever he dy,
His soul never schal ponyschyd be,
ne never wyt of wo.

The syn of sodomi to heven
Hit crysen on God Almyzt ;
And monslāzt with a rewfyl steven
Hit askys vengans day and nyzt ;
Extorcyons āzayns the ryzt,
And huyrus that with wrong holdon be,
Damnacion to ham hit is y-dyzt
That usyn these, and avowteré,
everychon.

These synnys a mon thai done blynde,
Fore thai be done āzayns kynde,
And bene the werkys of the fynde
of damnacion.

Thre synns princypaly a man doth mare,
Murthyr, theft, and avoutré ;
Thai wyl ȝou schend ore ȝe be ware,
Be thai done never so prevely ;
The fynd wyl schew ham hopunly,
That al the werd schal have wyttying ;
Fore thai bene cursyd in heven on hye,
Al that usus that cursid doying
thai wyl be schent.

Nou gif a woman maryd schal be,
 Anoon sche schal be boȝt and sold ;
 Hit is fore no love of hert treuly,
 Bot fore covetyse of lond or gold.
 This is Goddis wyl and his lau wolde
 Evan of blood, evan good, evan of age ;
 Fore love together thus cum thai schal be,
 Fore this makus metely maryage,
 herein alwyse.
 Thai schal have ayrs ham betwene,
 That schal have grace to thryve and thene ;
 Thother schul have turment and tene
 fore covetyse.

Ther is no cryatour, as wreton y fynde,
 Save only mon that doth outrage ;
 Thai chesun here makus of here honne kynd,
 With treasure makun here mareage.
 Nou a ladé wyl take a page,
 Fore no love, bot fore fleschely lust ;
 And al here blood dysparage,
 This lordys and lordschips thay ben i-lost
 in moné a place.
 Lordys and lordchypus thay wastyn away,
 That makys false ayris, hit is no nay,
 And wele and worchyp fore ever and ay,
 onour and grace.

Now gif that a man he wed a wyfe,
 And hym thynke sche plese hym noȝt,
 Anon ther rysis care and stryfe ;

He wold here selle that he had boȝt,
 And schenchypus here that he hath soȝt,
 And takys to hym a loteby.
 These bargeyn wyl be dere aboȝt,
 Here ore henns he schal aby.

He is foresworne,
 When he as chosyn hyr to his make,
 And plyȝt here trowth to here y-take,
 Hy schuld never here foresake,
 even ne morne.

Aȝayns al this remedy I fynde,
 Forsake ȝoure syn, y ȝou pray;
 To God and mon loke ȝe be kynde,
 To heven ther is [no] nother way.
 And make amendis wyle that ȝe may,
 ȝif ȝe wyl have remysson,
 God ȝe most both plese and pay,
 Or ellus have damnacion,
 wyle ye han space.

Thus gracyously says the kyng of blys,
 ȝeff ȝe wyl mend that ȝe do mysse,
Nolo mortem peccatoris,
 ȝe schul have grace.

In what order or what degré
 Holé cherche hath bound ye to,
 Kepe hit wel, I counsel ye;
 Dyssyre thou never to go therfro.

Fore thou art boundon, go were thou goo,
 When thou hast ressayv[e]d the sacrament,
 Ther is no mon may hit undoo
 Bot he be cursid verament ;
 in the gospel thou sist,
 That God be law byndus y-fyre,
 Ther ys no mon that hath povere
 Hit to undo in no manere,
 bot he be curst.

Love 3our God over al thyng,
 3oure ne3bore as 3ourselfe, as I 3ou saye ;
 Let be 3oure othis, 3oure false sweryng ;
 In clannes kepe 3oure haleday ;
 3oure fader, 3oure moder worchip ay ;
 See no mon fore worldlé thyng,
 Bakbyte no mon ny3t ne day,
 Ne say no word to hym sklaundryng ;
 False wytnes loke thou non bere,
 Dysseyte ne theft loke thou do non ;
 And lechory thou most foreswere :
 Here beth the comaundments everychon,
 loke 3e kepe hem wele,
 I rede 3e serve heven kyng,
 Fore ané loust or lykyng,
 Have mynd apon 3oure endyng
 of the payns of helle.

Another remedé 3et ther is,
 Gentyl sires, herkene to me :
 The .vij. werkys of mercé, so have I blys,

I wyl declare ham oponlé ;
Thai schul be schewed ful petuysly
 At domysday at Cristis cumyng,
Ther God and mon present schal be,
 And al the world on fuyre brennyng,
 a reuful aray :
Then wele is hym, and wele schal be,
That doth these workys with peté,
He schal have grace and mercé
 on domysday.

The hungre gif mete, the thorste gif dryng,
Cleth the nakyd, as I ye say ;
Vysyte the seke, in prisen lying,
And beré the ded, as I the pray ;
And herbere the pore that goth be the way,
And teche the unwyse of thi cunningg ;
Do these werkys both nyzt and day,
To Goddis worchip and his plesyng ;
this is his wylle.

Ever have this in thy mynd,
To the pore loke thou be kynd,
Then in heven thou schalt hit fynd,
thou schalt never spyl.

Thi .v. wyttis thou most know,
 Thonke thi God that land ham the ;
 Thi heryng, thi seyng, as I the schewe,
 Thi syzt, thi smellyng, here be .iiij. ;
 Thi touchyng, thi tastyng, here .v. ther be,

*The "day of dome" shuld come in here,
Vor the defawte of the wrytere,
At the .xiiij. leef afore hyt ys,
Seche hyt there thou shalt nott mys.*

De concordia inter fratres et rectores ecclesiae.

God hath grauntyd grace unto our lernyng,
 Al that we fynden fayfully wrytyn in holé wryt,
 That be our pacyens princypaly and holy wryting
 We schuld have consolacioun and conford, byleve
 truly in hyt.
 I schal say zou the soth, that wele schul 3e wyt,
 Hit ys Godys word and his werke, and his worchyng;
 Be the grace of the Holé Gozt togedyr hit is y-knyt,
 Redlé us to remembyr in oure redyng,
 And hold hit in mynde,

Hæc est fides Catholica.

Time Dominum, et mandata serva.

Hwo so brekys this bond, bare thai bene of blys,
 Bot thai ben salvyd of here syn or thai hens passe,
 Thai schulun way of wo, y warne zoue y-wys,
 Hit schal be ponyshed here ore henus evere tres-
 passe.
 Men have not this in mynd, nowtler more ne lasse,
 Thai most obey obedyans that thai be bounden to,
 And mend her here mysdedys, and her matens and
 masse.

And kepe the comawndments of Crist, this deuté most
thai doo,

with devocion.

Fore thai beth ayres of heven blys,
The fader of heven hath grauntid ham this,
3if thai wyl mend that thai do mys,
to have remysson.

Sapientia hujus mundi stultitia apud Dominum.

Alas ! ale the wyt of this word fallus to foly,
Thus sayth Sapyens forsoth in the boke of lyfe ;
He has wysdom and wyt, I tel 3ow trewly
That can be ware or be won, and leve in clene lyfe.
Who mai kepe hym unkyt fro a kene knyfe,
3if he boldly that blad touche in his tene ;
No more may a mon here, maydon ne wyfe,
Plese God unto his pay bot his consyans be clene ;
ensaumpyl I make,
Who may here serve a lorde,
Bot 3if he hold hym fo[r]warde
He getys never reward,
y dare undertake.

Si quis diligit me, sermonem meum servabit.

He that sayth he lovys his Lord, on hym take good eme,
And kepus not his comawndmentes as a Crystyn mon,
Leve he is a lycere, his dedis thai done hym deme
Fore he schuld walkethe same wayes his Lord had
i-gone.

Vox populi vox Dei.

Ubi est thesaurus tuus, ibi et cor tuum erit.

**Counsel ham fro covetyse, cursid mat he be,
He wyl hem lede to here lost and lyke to be lore,
3if thai fowyn his fare thai fallyn to foly,
He wyl ham gyde gylfulley, and goo hem before.**

We were put in paradise to have wele withoutyn woo,
 Hent we had unblest brokyn the commaundmentis of
 our kyng,
 That is lord of all lordys, were bene oné moo,
 That mai us salve of ouresore oure botyng to us bryng?
 that lord be he blest !
 I rede ȝe draun to ȝour kyng,
 Fore one lust or lykyng,
 Pray hem with here prechyng,
 to set mon soule in rest.

*Filius non portabit iniquitatem patris, etc. Sed unusquisque
 onus suum portabit.*

What was Abel the worse thaȝ Kayme his borne broder
 Were cursid for his covetyse and his creuel dede ;
 No more ys a good prest the worse fore another,
 That wyl love his Lord God, hym serve and drede.
 Make moche of a good mon, on hym take good hede,
 Loke ye bite not bayard for bryd ne for brend ;
 As a sete may be savyd and schal the better spede,
 Throȝ the prayere of a good prist, an holé and an hynd,
 that kepys his ordore ;
 He whot never hou sone
 God wyl here his bone,
 And al that here wele done,
 heryd ys here prayoure.

Declinate a me, maligni, etc.

ȝif ther be a pore prest, and spiritual in spyrte,
 And be devout, with devocioun hisservyse syng and say,
 Thay likon hym to a lossere, and to an epocryte,
 ȝif he be besé in his bedus the prynce of heven to pay,

God of his gret grace graunt hem that beth gulté
 Here mysse and here mysdedus to mend here therfore;
 And let hem never fore here lust, Lord, be forelore,
 But send sorewe in here hert here synnus to slake,
 Into thi curte and thi kyngdam Lord hem restore;
 From al temtacioun and tene the Treneté us take,
 his hestis to fulfyl.

Here schul 3e here anon
 Of men of relegyon,
 What lyfe thay leedon,
 Goddus heest to fulfyl.

*Religio munda et immaculata. Hoc est preceptum meum ut
 diligatis invicem.*

I move these mater to monkys in a meke maner,
 And to al relygyous, that beth i-blest by Goddis
 ordynans;
 Forst Saynt Benet hom enformyd to kepe hem cloyster,
 In povert and in prayerys, in privé penaws,
 And to abeyd abstinens and forsake abundans,
 To sle the lust of hore lycam, and hore lykyng,
 And obey obedyans and kepe observans:
 Both in cloystyr and in quere holdyth sylens fore ane
 thyng,
 and to God and mon be kynde;
 And ryse at midnygzt out of here ryst,
 And pray fore here gooddeers as bred i-blest,
 And depert here almys lest hit be lest,
 fore the founders that hem fynd.

Fore in the rewle of relygyous ther may 3e rede,
 Hou the graceous goodyes of God schuld be spend,

Uche preson schuld have his part after that he had ned,
 And cast hital in comyn the goodys that God ham send;
 And leve not lyke leud men, fore schame, lest 3e be schent,
 That steren stryf and wrath because of covetyng.
 3e schuld have no propurté, on the pore hit schuld be
 spend ;
 And hold up 3oure houshold and 3oure housyng,
 and let hem not adoune ;
 And herbore the pore *per charyté*,
 And 3ef mete and dreng to the nedé,
 And cumford hem that woful be,
 ellis be 3e no relegyon.

Servite Domino in timore, et exultate ei cum tremore.
 Both in cloyster and in quere when that thai syng and
 rede,
Aperte et distincte han mynd for ham thay pray,
 And kepun her pausus and her poyntes, elles myzt thai
 gete no mede,
 Fore thus sayth here sovereyns sothely to say :
 Mi pepyl praysy me with here lyppus, here hertis ben
 far away ;
 Fore thai be cazt with covetyse, that schal ham cast
 in care,
 To the worchip of this world thai wryn fro me away,
 Thai han no lykyng ne no lust to lerne apon my lare ;
 to me thai beth unkynd,
 A3ayns my gret goodnes
 Thai chewyn me unbuxumnes,
 And I graunt ham fore3ifnes,
 thai have not this in mynd.

Thus he provys zoure prayers and your spir[it]ualté ;
 For when 3e prayn to 3our God, 3e spekyn with hym
 in spirit,
 And 3if 3e reden in holé wryt he speke azayn with the,
 Remembyr 3ou redely when 3e red, that may 3e wyl wyt;
 Takeknowlache at 3oure consians, fore ther hit is y-knyt;
 Thus sayth Marke sothely, Mathou, Louke, and Jon,
 No mon mese in this mater ny in Holy Wryt,
 For al the iiij. doctors acordon al in hon,
 and clerkys of deveneté,
 Thai conferme the same,
 And comawndon in Cristis name,
 Holé wryt no mon blame,
 hit is Goddis priveté.

Beatus qui intelligit super egenum et pauperem.

Fayne mai be the fadyrs and al the fonders,
 That sustyne or sokere relygious in one way ;
 And so mai be sothli al here good doars,
 That prayin for hom besyly both nyzt and day.
 When 3our care is y-cluggun and caste into clay,
 Hore matyns, here masse fore ham thai red and syng,
 When al the welth of this world is went from hem away,
 Then the bedis of holé cherche thai beth abydyng,
 fore ever and for ay.
 And do 3ou dredles out of drede,
 Thai schal have Heven to here mede,
 That socures relygious at nede,
 her in ane way.

Da tua dum tua sunt; post mortem tunc tua non sunt.

Iokys, lordus, to 3oure lyffe and to 3our levyng,
 For I am touchid upon the tong, the soth for to say,
 That 3e be leders of the lond 3ete 3ou lovyng,
 And cal the clargé to 3our counsel, that beryn Cristis kay,
 And holdist up holé cherche the prynce of Heven to pay,
 That did lest dedle sun this reme wyl dystry,
 For the laufs of this lond ben lad a wrong way,
 Both temperall and spiritual I tel 3ou treuly,
 even up-so-doune.
 3if Goddus lawys 3e dystry,
 And holy cherche set not by,
 Then farewell the clergy,
 Hit is 3our damnacion.

Honora Deum tuum de tuis substanciis.

Takys faire ensampyl be 3our faders that were 3ou before,
 How thai worchypd holé cherche hyly to Godys
 honore;
 Therefore thai blessun her burth, and the bodys that ham
 bare,
 For thai knowyn wel in her consians hit was her tresoure.
 Foras harlordchip and herelondys hit farys as a floure,
 This day hit ys fresche, to-morow hit is fadyng;
 A sad ensampyl forsoth 3our soule to socour,
 And do as 3oure faders ded before here in here levyng,
 hit is fore the best.

**Do fore youre self or ze gone,
Trust not to another mon,
Ellus med of God get ze non,
 bot then ze be e blest.**

Qui perseveraverit usque in finem, hic salvus erit.

**Redelé these releygos men schul have hy3 reward,
 gif thai kepy n her cloyster and here comawndment ;
 Fore one foning of the fynd fulfyl your forward,
 And castis awai covetyse that is cause of cumberment,
 And kepe youe clene in chastyté, to charité asent.**

What sad your soverēn to his dyssiples when he dyd
wesche hem.

And knelud lowly apon his knen to fore his blessid covent,
And be-toke hom this tokyn, *diligatis invicem*?

As I have lovꝝd ʒow,

Then joyful schal ze be,
For in my kyngdom ze schul me se,
And sit apon my dome with me,
my counsel schal ze knowe.

**Withdraw ye not from holé cherche, your faderes han
yeven before**

To the prelatiſ and the pryſtiſ fore hom fore to pray ;
 Bot 3e han grace of God hit to reſtore,
 3e ſchul 3ild a carful counte on dredful domys-day.

Y rede ze mend zour mysdedus here wyle ze may,
And let no cursid counsel cast zou in care ;
Fore al the worchyp of this word hit wyl wype sone
away,

Hit fallus and fadys forth so doth a cheré fayre,
 Thenke wel on this ;
 Thai bene acursid be Goddis law,
 The goodys of holé cherche that withdrawe,
 That other han zeven in holdoun dais,
 to mayntyn Godys servyse.

Quid prodest homini, si universum mundum lucretur.
 Thus have I cumford zou, covens, and counsel zou fro
 care,
 I rede ze obey obedyens that ze bene bowndon to ;
 Then schul ze blis your byrth and the bodyms that zoue
 bare,
 For ze forsake this wyckyd word to have wele with-
 out woo.
 This may ze know kyndle y fayth both frynd and fo,
 Remember zou of the rychemen and redle on his end,
 What is reches, his reverans, his ryot brogt hym to,
 Sodenle was send to hel with moné a foul fynde,
 to serve ser Satanas ;
 Fore to his God he was unkynd,
 The lazar he had not in his mynd,
 Fore worldys worchip hit com hym blynd,
 therefore he syngys, alas !

Humilitas est radix omnium virtutum.
 Ever have mekenes in your mynd, releyouse, I zou rede,
 And use vertuys, and leve visibal vayne and vaneté,
 Fore gif ze love your Lord God his lauys thai wyl zou
 leede
 Into his court and his coindom, were ys no vayn glorie,

Fore both to God and to mon thou most ned be large,
 Fore thou art choson fore chif and made here cover-
 nour.

Then loke thou groundethe in God and dredethi Saveoure,
 That wyl cal the to thi countus, and to thi rekynyng;
 How thou hast done thi deuté and treuly thi devour,
 And spend his goodys princypaly to his plesyng,
 fore this most thou nede.

ȝif thou hast spend more fore the worde,
 Then fore love of thi Lord,
 The law wyl the reward
 deth to thi mede.

Concilium meum non est cum impiis.

A foul defeaute feythfully in holé Cherche we fynde,
 To let lordis or leudmen make electioun,
 T'hai schul not know ȝour counsel, hit is aȝayn kynde,
 Fore this cause Saynt Thomas soferd deth and passyon.
 ȝour chapytre schuld be cownsel and confession;
 And now boldly theryn thay man ne boy halle;
 Thus these preletus of her prevelache thay deprevon,
 There holy chirche was fre now thay make hit thral,
 and lesen worship and grace.
 T'o let lord or leudmen,
 Know of ȝoure corexeon,
 Ye men of relegyon
 beth cursid in that case.

Leges meas custodite, dicit Dominus.

ȝe schuld rather sofyre deth, payn, and passyon,
 Then lese the love of ȝoure Lord and let down his laue;

Corsid covetyse hit is the cause, prid, presomseon,
 3e beth ungroundid in grace, **3our** God **3e** con not
 knowe,
3ourdedusdemeys3ouedredles, devocioun hit is withdraw,
 3e han chasid away charité and the reule of releygon;
Al gestlé grace and holenes hit is layd ful lowe,
 Thus have **3e** pot holé cherche to gret confusioun,
 and made **3ourselfe** thral.
Godys laufs **3e** han suspend,
Herefore **3e** wyl be schamyd and chend,
Bot ye han grace **3ou** to amend,
 ful dere aby **3e** schal.

Quid prodest homini, si universum mundum lucretur.

Thenke on the cursid covetyse mon, that to hymself gon
 say,
Ete and drenke, and make the meré,—this word is at
 thi wyl.

A voyse onswerd hym anon, to-morw or hit be day,
 Thi soule sodenly schal be send into the foyre of hel,
Fore thou trustis more to thi tresoure and to thi catel,
 Then in the love of thi Lord, that al thi wele hath
 wro3t.

Thou carful caytyf the curst, hit is treu that I the tell,
 Thou schuldyst thonke thi Lord God that with his
 blod the bo3t;

to hym thou art unkynd,

Therefore damnyd schalt thou be,
Into hel perpetually,
Withoutyn grace and mercy
 world withoutyn end.

3if thai loven more here lucour then the soule lyve,
 Lytul deynteth of here doctrine and of here dygnité.
 For thai were chosun to be chast and kepe charyté,
 And cast away covetys is cause of cumberment,
 And be a clene kalender the sekeler on to see,
 Ellys with chenchip and with chame thai wyll be
 e-chent,
 thai stond in gret drede.
 Pray ham al for charyté,
 To save mon soule spesialy,
 Ellys woful schal thay be
 for her falshede.

*Si linguis hominum loquar et angelorum, caritatem autem
 non habeam.*

I say the, broder Salamon, tel in thi talkyng,
 Furst of the frerys thus meve thou may,
 Of here prevelache, and of here prayrys, and here prech-
 ing,
 And of here clergé and clannes and onest aray.
 3if thou say not the soth, then may won say,
 That thou art leud and unlerd and letter cansteth non;
 3if thou touche the treuth, truly thou hem pray,
 Fore to holde the excusid everichon,
 3if hit be here wyl.
 I hold hit bot a leude thyng
 Fore to make a lesyng,
 To God hit his displesyng,
 outher loud or styl.

Vos amici mei estis, si feceritis quæ præcipio vobis.

The furst founders of the freres of the iiij. ordrys,
 Weren iiij. be[rn]es i-blest of oure Saveour I say,

And be-tokyn here bokys and baggus to be beggers,
 To preche the pepul apert the Prince of Heaven to
 pay,
 To heron, to beg, to put schame bothe away,
 To by and to byle with here beggyng,
 And pray for her good doerys both nyzt and day,
 That sendus ham here sustynans and her levying
 here in this worlde.
 Nyzt and day contynualy,
 Fore hom thai prayn spesealy,
 In matyns, messe, and no more,
 to her lovely lord.

Petite et accipietis.

Whosoever sparys fore to speke sparys for to spede,
 And he that spekys and spedys nozt, he spellys the
 wynd;
 I do zoue clene out of dout and dredles out of drede,
 Better is to speke and sped then hold hit in mynd;
 Fore moné hanne moné manners, and mony beth unkynd,
 Unclene in here consyans because of covetyse.
 Spek and have I the hete, seche and thou schalt fynd,
 Ellys may thou fal in myschif and fare al amysse;
 nyk not this with nay.
 Asay thi frynd or thou have nede,
 And of his answer take good hede,
 Thou getyst no good withoutyn drede,
 bot 3if thou byd or pray.

Quærite et invenietis.

3if ye wyl 3if ham of your good without beggyng,
 Thai wold nowther begge ne borou, thus dare I say;

And fynd hem hem here houshold and here housyng,
 Nouthur by ne byld I red 3e asay;
 Behold, syrus, apon here chyrche, now I 3ou pray,
 Apon here bellys, on here bokys, and here byldyng,
 Apon here prechyng, her prayes, her reverent aray,
 Thai pase al other men in here governyng,
 I whot hit is no nay.

Thai play not the fole,
 Contenually thai go to scole,
 Lordys worchip han thai wole,
 and poton folys away.

*Dignus est mercenarius mercede sua ; ego autem mendicus sum
 et pauper.*

Sum men sayn these selé frerys thai han no consyans,
 A mon to take vii. salerys x. trental 3if thai may,
 And cast ham in a hogpoch togedur fore to daunce,
 Hit ys no ferly tha3 the folke in hom thai han no fay.
 I lekyn ham to Judas that Crist he con betray,
 Because of his covetyse he sold his soferayn ;
 So to begyle the selé pepul and greve God, weleaway !
 Rededelé thai ben ravenowrys and non religyous men ;
 that schal han reuful sore.
 Hit is a3ayns Godys ordenans
 To covet more then 3oure sustynans,
 This makys debat and dystans,
 and mend you, syrus, herefore.

Ego autem mendicus sum et pauper.

Sothly hit is wel be-set at my wetyng,
 The grace and the goodness that men done hem here ;
 Hit provys wel apirt by here levyng,
 To pot hom to povert in soche a manere.

3et thai makyn moné men ful mekusly chere,
 With the grace and the goodys that God here hom
 sende,
 Wyselé and wytlé and wittlé the leud thai wyl here
 Her mys and her mysdedis her to amende;
 why schuld men be wroth?
 Sethying God sendys hom of his sond,
 Withoutyn plo3 or londe,
 Ore salere of kovenande,
 mete, and drinke, and cloth.

Fratres, nolumus vos ignorare veritatem.

I wyl not faver 3oue, frerys, with no flateryng,
 3e were better unborn then fore to be to bolde;
 Passe not 3oure prevelage because of covetyng,
 Fore this tale treulé apon 3oue hit is told;
 Of soche that knouen hom gulté agayns me thai wold,
 And I repreve no presthod bot here leud levyng,
 For to stond at a stake bren ther y wolde;
 3if y say falslé at my wyttyng,
 blynd as y am,
 To me hit were a slawnder
 To lye apon my broder,
 I wold han fayne forthier
 but songe locum acam.

Attendite a falsis prophetis.

Beth faythful, 3e frerys, in 3ourfay, le the 3our flateryng.
 Preche the pepul pryncypaly the Prince of Heven
 to pay,
 Pil not the pore peple with your prechyng,
 Bot begge at abundand and at ryche aray:

Fore the ryche mon hym refused he faryth al amys,
 And lyus law with Lucefyr lezyst in hel,
 Parte with these pore frerus, your fader wyl hit his,
 Last the case on zoue fall that on hym befelle;
 ze schuld fynde hit fare the best:
 Do as thou woldus me dud be the;
 Apon thi broder thou have peté.
 Depart with hym, and he with the,
 then be thai both y-blest.

Ignorantia non excusat sacerdotem.

Moné men of holé cherche thai ben al to lewd,
 I lekyn ham to a bred is pynud in a cage;
 When he hath shertly hymselfe al be-scherewd,
 Then he begynnys to daunce, to harpe, and to rage:
 Fore he is leud and understond not his oun langwage,
 Therefore he settys therby not a lytyl prise,
 Fore he had lerd hit in his youthe and in his zenge age,
 And castis hym never to lerne more, and att her oun
 devyse;
 I say 3ow fore why,
 Thus leud men thai can sey,
 He is an honest prest in good faye,
 3if his goune be pynchit gay,
 he getis a salary.

Legere et non intelligere est quasi non legere.

Now 3if a pore mon set hys son to Oxford to scole,
 Both the fader and the moder hyndyd thay schal be;
 And 3if ther falle a benefyse, hit schal be 3if a fole,
 To a clerke of a kechyn, ore into the chaunceré;
 This makys the worchip of clerkys wrong fore to wry,

Seth sekelar men schul have mon soulys in kepyng ;
 And pytton here personache to ferme to a baylé,
 And caston doune here howses and here housyng,
 Here paryschun dystroy ;
 Clerkys that han cunnyng,
 Schuld have monys soule in kepyng,
 Bot thai mai get no vaunsyng
 Without symony.

Qui intrat in ovile nisi per hostium, ille fur est et latro.

Symony is a sun forbedun be the laue,
 Hyly in holy cherche no mon hit use,
 And fro that dredful dede 3e schul 3ou withdraw,
 Ellus the laus of God 3e doth not bot dyspyse ;
 Curatis that beth unkunyng, hem 3e schuld refuse,
 And aspy pore provyd clerkys among the clergy,
 And 3if hem awaunsment and a benefyse,
 To save synful soulys with here feleceté,
 Goddys wyl hit ys.
 Curatus resident thai schul be,
 And ald houshold oponly,
 And part with the pore that beth nedé,
 And mend that 3e do mys.

In tres partes dividite rerum ecclesiæ substantiam.

The first princypale parte lungus to 3our levyng ;
 The ij. part to holé church to hold his honesté ;
 The iij. part to 3our parechyngs that al to 3oue bryng,
 To hom that faylun the fode, and fallun in poverté.

Thus the goodys of holé chersch schuld be spend spe-
cyały ;

Both your meryt and your mede in heven schulge have;
Al Cristyn men on Crist wold thai crye,
ffor the bodé and the soule bothe do 3e save,

Here in this word ;

That susteyne ham both nyzt and day,
And techyn to heven the rode way,
Pryncephal fore 3oue thai wold pray
To here gracious Lord.

Apprehendite disciplinam, ne quando nascatur.

Trulé, I trow, this rewme where chamyd and chent,
Nere ther foretheryng of the frerys and here prechyng,
Fore the seculars pristis take non entent,
Bot to here leudnes and her lust and here lykyng;
Thai beth nothing covetese to lerne no conyng,
The laus of here Lord God to know and to ken,
Hit demys wele be here dedys thay have no lovyng
Norther to God ne goodness, ne non to odyr men ;

This, is a gret peté.

Here holé order when that thai toke,
Thai where examynynd apon a boke,
Godys lauys to lerne and to loke,
And kepe charyté.

Accipite jugum castitatis.

Clerkys were choson to be chast and kepe charyté,
With alle here wyt, and here wyl, and here worchyng,
And be a clene calender the leud men on to se,

And not to stere stryf and wrath fore here covetyng.
 Hit is a schenchyp and a schame and a sclawnderyng,
 Aȝayns the order of holé cherch and Goddys orden-
 awns,

Prestis fore to covet al, the frerys to han no thyng,
 This dole is undeulé dalt, hit maketh dystans,
 And al thai beth breder.

And sethen thai serven won Lord,
 Thai schuld never be at dyscord,
 Nouthur in ded nor in word,
 But ychon part with othyr.

Erant illis omnia communia.

In Actibus Apostolorum ther may ȝe rede,
 Hou the goodys of holé cherche sumtyme were i-sempde,
 Uche postyl had his part ryȝt as he had nede,
 Thai cast hit al in comyn the goodys that God hym
 sende;

Curst covetyse forsothe the clerge hath y-blynd,
 That schuld be lanterns lyȝt in holé cherche to bren,
 And chasud away charyté, therfore thai wyl be chent,
 And turne hemself fro the treuth and marrun other
 men,

More arme is ;
 Thai pottyn hamselſe in gret parel,
 Fore treuly the pepul thai schuld tel
 And warne ham of the payns of hel,
 And mend that thai do mys.

Ecce quam bonum et quam jocundum.

Take tent to this tyxt, pristis, I zou pray,

Habitare semper fratres in unum,

Thus Davit in the Sauter sothlé con he say,

Crist of his curtesse to curatis toke his kay,

Mon soul with mekenes to have in kepyng,

With the treuth of here tounge to teche hem the way,

Throȝ the vij. sacramentis here soule to blis bryng.

God grauntyth hem his pouere

To asoyle that wyl repent,

And schryve hem clene with good entent,

And do here penans verament,

Wyle that thai ben here.

Ego sum pastor bonus.

The ground of al goodnes curatis schuld be the cause,

And knyȝt hem kyndly togedur al the clergé,

And leve here leudnes and here lust and lern Godys
laues,

With here conyng and clannes dedlé synnus dystroy,
Both the flesche and the fynd false covetys defye,

With mercé and with mekenes the treuth for to teche,
The comawndmentis of Crist to kepe kyndly,

To-fore the pepul apart thus schuld he preche,

ffore ȝe ben scheperdys al one;

Then Crist to Peter, what said he?

"My keyis I betake to the,

Kepe my schepe fore love of me,

That they perische never on."

The prophecy of the prophetus al nowe hit doth apere,
That sumtyme was sayd be the clergy,

That leud men the laue of God that schuld love and lere,

Fore curatis fore here covetyse wold count noȝt therby,
Bot to talke of her tythys y tell ȝou treuly;

And ȝif the secular say a soth anon thai bene e-schent,
And lyen upon the leudmen and sayn hit is lollere;

Thus the pepul and the pristis beth of one asent,

They dare no noder do:

Fore dred of the clergé

Wold dampnen hem unlaufully,

To preche upon the peleré,

And bren hem after too.

De vobis qui dicitis malum bonum et bonum malum.

Lef thou me a loller, his dedis thai wyl hym deme,

ȝif he withdraue his deutés from holé cherche away,

And wyl not worchip the cros; on hym take good eme,

And here his matyns and his masse upon the haleday,

And belevys not in the sacrement, that hit is God veray,

And wyl not schryve him to a prest on what deth he
dye,

And settis noȝt be the sacramentis sothly to say,

Take him fore a loller y telȝou treuly,

And false in his fay;

Deme hym after his saw,

Bot he wyl hym withdrawe,

Never fore hym pray.

Corripite inquietos, qui volunt intelligere ut bene facerent.

Thaȝ the pepyl be never so leud in here levying,
 And brekun the comawndementes of Crist, and
 wykud werks worche,

They may go mery al the ȝere for ane reprevyng,
 Outher of person, or of prest, or men of holé cherche.
 Bot ȝif thai faile thus, or schof another that with thai
 groche,

Comawnd in Cristis name her techyng to hem bryng.
 Ellis a lecturer of sentens thai wyl on hem sorche,
 Hit cemys that to the celé soule thai have no levying.
 Thus may ȝe wel knowe,

Y pray serys that ȝe aspye,
 Houe contemnys lechoré,
 Have he cordit with the consteré,
 Vola verede voo.

*Videte rectores ecclesiæ, ne propter lucrum dampnetis animas
 Christianas.*

Alas ! that thes offecers of holé cherchis laue
 Lettyth these leud men lye in here syn,
 That dredun nothyng here domus hem to withdrawe,
 Fore mede the maydyn mantens hem therin,
 Because of ser covetys is neyre of here kyn,
 May do with mon of holé cherche hollé his entent,
 The wyf and the hosbond he mai part atwyn,
 Thaȝ thai be boundon to God be the sacrement,
 He wyl dyssever hem two ;
 And ȝet the gospel hem dos lere,

That God commus togeder y fere,
 There is no mon that hath pouere
 That sacrement undoo.

*Episcopus debet esse sine crimine, et corrigere rectores ecclesie,
 sicut vult respondere coram Summo Iudice.*

Thus oure blessud byscop, dene officialle,
 Sofers thes sekeler in here syȝt to sun opynly,
 Thaȝ thai to here constri hom to here court call,
 Thai mercyn hem with moné and med prevely;
 Thai schuld put hom to prayers and to penans opunly,
 Fore opun syn opun penans, this is Godys laue.
 ȝif ȝe wyl serche the soth here is remedé,
 Then wold thai dred ȝour domys and sone hom with-
 draw,

And kepe Godys laus.

Curatis the soth thai dar not say,
 flore thai be worse levers then thai,
 And leven in syn for day to day,
 So thai beth the cause.

Inclina cor meum, Deus, in testimonia tua, et non avaritiam.

ȝe curatis, fore ȝour covetys ȝe castun in the new fayre,
 The churches that ȝe byn chosun to be Godus orde-
 nauns,

And callun hit permetacion cuntreys about to kayre,
 Bot ȝif ȝe han pluralytis hit is not plesans.
 I preve the pope principaly ys worthy to have penaunce,
 That grauntus ane seche grace because of covetyng,
 Hit dous dysese in holé cherche and makys bot dys-
 tauns,

A mon to have iiij. benefyse, anoder no lyvyng,

This is not Godys wyl.

The furst benefyce 3e ben bound to,

ye shuld not desire to go therfro,

And tak a levyng and no more,

Lest 3e 3our soulis spyl.

Nemo potest duobus dominis servire.

ze schul make no marketys, ne no marchandyse,

Nouther for to by ne to sel for lucre, I say;

Hit chasis away charyté 3our covetyse,

Alle 3our goostly grace hit wypis clene away.

Who may serve two lordis and bothe to here pay,

'That is, this wyckyd word and God to plesyng?

3it 3e serve not 3our God, the fynd wyl 3ou fray,

When 3e bun callud to 3our countys and to 3our
rekenys,

That most ze nede ;

3if 3e have servyd the worlde,

And be untreue to your Lorde,

The laue wyl 3oue rewarde

Deth to your ende.

Hoc quocienscunque feceritis, in mei memoriam faciatis: qui vero propter lucrum quodlibet temporale officium dominicum præsumat celebrare, prorsus quidem similis proditori Judæ, qui Christum Judæis, propter denarios triginta, non dubitavit vendere. Qui ergo hoc modo accedit ad corpus dominicum, indigne vere sibi id ipsum accipit, et sanguinem Dominicum, non ad salutem sed ad iudicium, et juste. Nullus itaque propter lucrum hoc agat, ne Judæ proditori socius in pena fiat.

A foule defeaute faythfully I fynd in holé cherche,
 Pristis to syng twyse a day fore here leure,
 gif thai schuld fore Cristis sake, anon then thay groche,
 And thus thai sellyn here soverayn and here Saveoure;
 I lekyn hem to Judas that was a traytoure,
 Because of his covetyse his soveren he solde.
 Boldlé, the byschop is to blame that doth ham favour,
 Fore this tale treuly on hem hit is tolde;
 This is a gret schame;
 And yet the laue hit doth hem lere,
 Thai schuld syng bot twyse a zere,
 At Crystymas and Astere,
 Ellys thai beth to blame.

Sicut aqua extinguit ignem, ita elemosina extinguit peccatum.
 Prestis ze schul prove zourselſe and princypale in dede,
 Ever depart with the pore, on hem have pité,
 Cownsel ham and cumford ham and cloth hem at here
 nede,
 In prisun, and in poverté, and infyrmety;
 Thus ze prechyn the pepul and in the pylpit opynlé
 The vij. werkys of mercé mekelé to fulfyl,
 And to ressayve here reward remysyon redelé
 At the dredful dai of dome, fore this is Godys wyl,
 Ore ellus schul thai rew.
 As ze techon other to do,
 Do zourselſe al so,
 Ore ellis men wyl part zoue fro,
 And say ye bene untrew.

De confessione, et de sacramento altaris. Subjecti estote omni
humanæ creaturæ propter suum.

I counsel 3oue, al Christun men, and comawnd in
Cristis name,

That 3e obey 3our curatis that 3e ben boundon to,
3if one be fallyn be frelté in ane febel fame,

God graunt hem of his grace no more so to do;
And beth in ful charyté with frynd and with foo,
Fore that is the grownd of al goodnes with contri-
cioun,

And serve that lord of al lordys where bene ané mo,
That may soyle 3oue of 3our sunne and graunt you
remysson,

In fayth no mo bot hee;
Of al lordyis be he blest,
He wold no mon where e-lost,
That wyl in his mercé trust,
And in his benyngneté.

3if 3our curatis comaund 3ou to kepe Cristis lawus,
Then do aftyr here doctrine and 3e bene out of drede,
Fore, serys, thai may save 3our soule thro3 here soth saus,
Then in heven schal 3e have 3our meryd and 3our mede;
Bot do not as thai doun, thereof take good hede,
Bot 3if thai showe 3oue good emsampil to the soule hele,
Fore God in the Gospel this he forebed,
After here werkus worche 3e never a dele,
Ellus schul ye reue;
Fore as thai techyn 3ou to do,

Bot ȝif thai don hamselfe al so,
 Ellus y rede ȝe gon him fro,
 And say thay ben untreu.

Quodcunque ligaveris super terram.

Fore God hath graunt of his grace to curatis his pouere,
 Thaȝ thai ben synful men to asoyle ȝoue of ȝour synne,
 Thorȝ vertu of the sacremente soyle I ȝowe enseure,
 No mon mese in this matere ȝif he wyl savyd bene.
 Evere prest he hath pouere to asoyle ȝou then,
 And to here confession in ȝour necescyté,
 ȝif to ȝour curatis ȝe mai not cum that beth ȝour soveren,
 Thai may do ȝoue ryȝtus, y telle ȝoue treuly
 Thai have this povere,
 To asoyle that wyl repent,
 And schryve han clene with good entent,
 Be vertu of the sacrament,
 Both prest and frere.

Nota secundum decretales et constitutiones ecclesiæ quod omnis homo utriusque sexus tenetur confiteri suo proprio sacerdoti semel in anno ad minus, nisi habeat licentiam, vel dispensationem, vel privilegium a superiore.

Bot ȝe most come to ȝour curatures be the comen laue,
 And schryve ȝoue sothely of ȝour synne at the lest
 enus a ȝere;
 ȝe stonden in doute and in dred ȝif ȝe ȝou withdraw,
 Without lysens or leve outhur to prest or frere:
 Thai most ȝour counsel knoue that schal ȝoue led and
 lere,
 That have the charche of ȝoure soule in here kepyng,

3e byth princypaly under here pouere,
 Go not ungoodly away without here wytyng,
 And know 3our entent ;
 Thai mai not answeve fre 3eve,
 3our counsel bot thai know,
 Thai beth excusid be the laue,
 And 3e schul be schent.

Quicunque enim manducaverit vel biberit calicem hanc indigne.
 3if the prest unworthelé presume to syng his mas,
 Serus, y say the sacrement enpayrd hit may not be,
 Bot hes owne deth and his dome he ressayns, alas !
 3if in his consians he know that he be gulté,
 Thaz he syng and say no mas the prest unwothelé,
 Both 3our maret and 3our mede in heven 3e schul
 have,
 Fore God hath grauntyd of his grace be his auctoreté,
 Be he never so synful 3oure soulys may he save,
 Have this in tho3t ;
 The masse is of so hye degré,
 Apayryd forsoth hit mai not be,
 Ne no mon mend it may,
 Theron doctours han so3t.

Nichil impossibile apud Deum.

Take ensampyl by the sunne 3e syne here with sy3t,
 Wha may deprave hit hym of his pouere and let hit
 ly3tyng,
 That shenus apon a synful man as wel as on a ry3t,
 Also wile on fouele as on fayre without defouteryng,

Also wel upon a knave as upon a kyng ;
A sad saumpil forsoth her may ze se,
Hit is Godys word and his werke and his worchyng,
The sacrament of the autere defoulyd mai not be,
I do zoue out of drede.
His Godhed may not be sayne
With no fleschlé eyne,
Bot in the sacrament ze may hit sene,
In figure and fourme of bred.

I se sothlé in the sunne knyht iij. maner kynde,
 His clerté and his clerenes what clerté can declare,
 Behold the hete in thi hert and have hit in mynd,
 The conselacioun and the conford thai iij. what thai are;
 Fore al that levys in this lond ful evyl schul hit fare,
 Nere that gloures gleme that fro the heven glydis,
 Ho that servyth not that soverayn his hert may be ful sare,
 That lenus of his loveseche alyzt that al this word gladis
 In everych a place.
 A t synful mon, have this in mynde,
 To that Lord be not unkynde,
 Fore he may both louse and bynde,
 Graunt mercé and grace.

I declare the clerté to the Fader of myȝtis most,
The heete hyle therof to his onlé sunne,
The consolacioun and the comford to the Holé Gost,
Kyndly y-knyt togeder without devesioun ;
The Fader, the Son, the Holé Gost, al thai beth bot hone,
Thre persons prevyd in the Treneté,

That never had begynnyng, ende have thai none,
 That now is, and ever was, and ever schal be,
 Lord of myztys most.
 Thus the fader our lyzt us brozt,
 With the hete of his blod his son us bozt,
 Consolacioun and cumford thus have thai wrozt,
 Throȝ the grace of the Holé Gost.

Fides non habet meritum.

Ryzt as ȝe se all this world is glorefyed with one sunne,
 Serrs, so is mons soule with the sacrement,
 Als moné men at a mas as ȝe account con,
 . Uche person has his part that is thier present ;
 And al hit is bot hone Good, beleve this verament,
 That is sacyrd on the autere between the pristis house,
 That schal ȝou deme at domysday at his jugement,
 After ȝour dedis dredles thus schal ȝe understonde,
 Thaȝ ȝe have done amys ;
 ȝif fore ȝour synnus ȝe be soré,
 Then ȝe resseyve hem worthelé,
 And schul have grace and mercy,
 And joy in Heven bliss.

Estote fortes in bello.

Dredles uche dedly sunne y declare a wounde,
 That when the fynd hath foȝt with ȝoue and hath the
 maystré,
 Then mostȝe seche a surgoun, ȝif ȝe wyl be save and sound,
 That can sothlé serche ȝour sore and make ȝoue holé ;
 Confession and contresion thi salve schal hit be,

The penans of this penetawnsere thi satisfaccion.
 Then festust with the fynd aȝayne and hast the maystré,
 And dost hym schenchip and schame for ever confu-
 cyon,

Thi soule fore to save.

Thus thi wondis helyd schul be,
 With gret worchip to the,
 Because of thi victoré,

Reward schalt thou have.

Miserere mei, Deus, quia infirmus sum.

I lekyn uche a synful soule to a seke man,
 That is y-schakyd and schent with the aksis,
 Thir is no dayntel e-dyȝt that pay hym thai con,
 Bot al that is aȝayns him that wyl hym please ;
 So hit farus by a mon that ys recheles,
 That is seke in his soule the sothe he vel not here,
 Bot wrys away fro Godys word to his wyckydnes,
 Here may ȝe know kyndlé ȝif ȝour consians be clere,
 The soth verament.

Cristyn men ȝif that ȝe be,
 Then loke ȝe done cristynlé,
 Ellus ȝe berun that nome in veyne, treuly ;
 ȝe wyl be shamed and y-shent.

I counsel al ȝoue, al curators, that wysele ȝou wayt,
 That han the cure of mons soule in ȝoure kepyng,
 Engeyne ȝe not to ȝeesy penans, ne to strayt algat,
 Lest ȝe slene both bodé and soule with ȝour ponyschyng ;
 Fore better is a *pater noster* with repentyng,

To send hem to the mercé of God to purgatoré,
Fore Crist enjoynd no nother penans in his levyng.

Bot *vade in pace, amplius noli peccare.*

Fore as possebel hit were

Here with a tere of thyn nye

To quench the feyre of purgatoré,

Als al the water in the se

To quench a blase of foyre.

3e that be chosun to ben chif and sittying in Cristis place,

3e most have treuth and ry3twysnes in 3our demyng:

Then let treuth ale tok hym both mercé and grace,

And ry3twysnes, rest pes, fore dred of perechyng;

These iiij. sistyrs made acord betwene heven kyng,

And manse soule that was forjuggyd to damnacioun,

Fore pes a3ayns ry3twysnesche was over pletyng,

Whyle mercé with his mekenes turne treuth to re-
myssioun.

Herewith God plesid was,

And send doune his son from heven an hye

To le3t in the virgyn ma3de Mary,

In herth to be boren of here body,

To graunt mercé and grace.

Qui præliantur non falletur.

I hold hym wyse that wyl be ware where he has warnyng,

Have this mas in 3our hert and hoolde hit in mynde,

Bot never hone whyl be ware in here levyng,

Bot al blustyrne furth unblest as bayard the blynd.

A3ayns the goodnes of God men bene unkynd,

Frerys fekul, and freel, and false in here fay ;
 A monke, the men of holé cherche, feu ther I fynd
 That worchyn wysly hemselfe to wyse men the way,
 This is a carful case.

To curatis, sayth Saynt Gregoré,
 That thai schal answeere trewlé,
 Fore men soul specialé,
 To-fore Goddis face.

Verbi gratia, gratia qui sicut dicit episcopo, episcopus rectoribus ecclesiae, qui recipiunt potestatem ligandi atque solvendi et curam animarum fratres in Christo habet, trado vobis carum animarum parochanorum vestrorum, ut respondiatis pro me et pro nobis coram summo Iudice in die iudicii.

I mene this mater mekelé fore murmur of men,
 Wherefore I pray 3ou speecyaly that 3e wyl aspye,
 At clerkus that have conyng that can this know and ken,
 Bene the trouthe is he touchid, wherefore and why.
 I red 3e rede hit ary3t, remember 3ou redlé,
 Fore the love of our Lord non there la3 ne gren,
 As God of my mysdedis he have mercé,
 I mene this to amend me and al other men,
 My God to plesé and pay.

No mon deney this,
 3if that he thynke to have blys,
 Betwene prestis and frerys y-wys
 I make this loveday.

*Misericordia et veritas obbeaverunt; sibi pax et iusticia
 osculati sunt.*

Thus sayd David foresoth in the Sautere,
 And verefyus in asife the love of our Lord,

Misericordia et veritas han thai met efere,
 That long tyme before had bene at dyscord ;
 There was faythfolé made a feneal corde,
 Fore justicia and pax made ham to kus,
 Fro that day furth to fulfyl that forward,
 Never that mater to have in mynd to fere was a-mys,
 So I zou pray.
 Fore Godis wyl forsoth hit is,
 That 3e amend 3e han do mys,
 And hochon othere 3e cusse,
 For ever and for ay.

Cujus finis bonum ipsum totum bonum.

Thus Salamon hath sayd the soth verement,
 As Marcol, the more fole, warned hym I wene,
 Bot 3if this draȝt be draun wel thai gounne wil be schent,
 And schal turne treulé to torment and to tene ;
 Have mynd on this mater, 3e wot what I mene,
 Bluster not furth unblest as Bayard the blynd,
 Bot cal aȝayne charyté with consians clene,
 And wry not fro Godis word as the wroth wynd,
 Herkyns hit as the hynd ;
 Apon 3our levyng take good eme,
 And beth seche as 3e schul seme,
 Fore be 3our dedis men wyl 3ou deme.
 Here I make an end.

Si veritatem dico quare non creditis mihi qui ex Deo est, verba
 Dei audit ideo non auditis qui ex Deo non estis.

Fore I have towchid the trouth I trow I schal be schent,
 And said sadlé the soth without flateryng,

Hald me fore no parté that beth here present,

I have no lykyng, ne lust to make no lesyng,

Fore favel with his fayre werdis and his flateryng,

He wyl preche the pepul apert hem for to pay,

I nel not wrath my God at my wetyng,

As God have mercé on me, syr Jon Audlay,

At my most ned.

I reche never who hit here,

Weder prest or frere,

For at a fole 3e ma lere,

3if 3e wil take hede.

III.

* * * * *

To thi ne3bour fore love of me,

To make debate ny dyscorde,

And thou dust me more ounferd,

Then tha3 thou wentust barefote in the strete,

For love of me that ys thi Lorde,

That stremus of blood folewed thi fete,

I sai for wi.

A wickid worde a mon may schame,

To lese his godes and hys good name,

Who so falsly duth men fame,

Beth curse[d] trly.

The vij. vertu ys good conselyng,

Entyse not thi ne3bour to wekednes,

Ny say no worde to hym ni sklanderyng,

But consel hym to al goodenes.

And this thou myzt me more plese,
Then thaȝ thou styndest ones a day,
Into heven thi sowle to sese,
Into that joy that lastus ay,
Withouten drede.
For bi thi goodenes and thi consele,
Thou may pytte thi neȝbour fro gret perele,
And save hym fro the peynes of hel,
And encrease thi mede.

The viij. vertu is holé prayere ;
Dyssyre and aske of me ryȝtwesly,
Thi selfe thou schalt be messangere,
And do thi message dewoutly,
And thou plesust me more speciali,
Then thaȝ my moder and sayntis alle
Praydyn in heven on hy fore the,
For thou ast fre choyse to ryse or falle,
Both thou may.
ȝif thou falle, aryse anon,
And call to me with contrieion,
Then my moder and sayntis uchon
Wil fore the pray.

The ix. vertu is thou schalt only
Love me in herte over al thyng,
Then gold, or selver, or lond, or fee,
Or wyf, or child, or worldlé thyng :
Thou dost me then more plesyng,
Then thaȝ thou styedust up-on hyȝ pelere,

Folle of rayssors kene stekyng,
Fore me love thi flesche to tere,
Bileve wyl this.
Love plesis me over al thyng,
Fore chareté with hym is ever dwellyng,
Mon soule to joy hit doth hit bryng
Into my blis.

These ix. vertue son soth thou schalt fynd,
Lerne this lesson now I the pray,
To God and mon loke thou be kynd,
And make amendis wyle thou may;
For to heven ther ys noon oder way,
3yf thou wolt have salvasyon,
Me thou most nede plese and pay,
Or ellus have damnacyon,
Hit ys for the best.
Do as thou woldust me dud by the,
Uche on of oder 3e have pyté,
And leve in love and charyté,
Then be 3e blest.

Sum men ther ben that stelon heven,
With penans, prayers, and poverté;
And sum goon to hel ful even,
For lust, and lykyng of here body.
Here twey wayes, my sone ther be,
Thou hast fre choyse wedur to passe,
Chese the better y consel the,
Lest thou syng the sung alassee
For ever and ay.

I rede thou serve heven kyng,
For any lust or lykyng,
Have mynde apon thi endyng.
And dredeful domusday.

Mervel 3e not of this makyng,
I me excuse, hit ys not y,
Hit ys Goddus worde and his techyng,
That he tazt a salutary.
Fore y kowthe never but hye foly,
God hath me chastest for my levyng,
I thonk my God my grace trewly,
Of his gracyouse visetyng,
Ellus were y lore.

Ever that Lorde be he blest,
Al that he duth ys for the best,
Ellus were 3e lyke to be lost,
And betterunbore.

Upon 3our lyfe take good eme,
Bewar lest God that 3e offende;
As he fyndes 3ow he wil 3ou deme,
Owther be saved or ellus be schent!
For soden deth loke 3e amende,
And settus no trist where noon ys,
For al ys good that hath good ende,
When 3e han mended 3e han do mys,
This ys no nay.

Y made this wit good intent,
In hope the rather 3e wolde repent,
Prayes for me that beth present,
My name hyt ys the blynde Awdelay

IV.

De effusione sanguinis Christi in remissione peccatorum.

An holy prayer here bygynnes,
In remedy of seuen dedly synnes.

Vij. blodes Crist he bled,
The fyrst in his circumsycyon,
The secund in holé oresown,

The deth when that he dred ;
The thred in his flagellacion,
The fourth in his coronacion,

The fyfth in his hondis also,
The vj. in his holé fete,
The vii. blode ran out of his hert wete,

To wasche us out of our wo ;
With moné an other enstrement,
He suffryd tene and turmentyng,

In his mon-heed.
In tyme of his passcion,
Here fore our redemcion,

His blesful blod he bled !

O Jhesu, fore the blod thou bledyst,
And in the furst tyme thou cheddust,

In thy circumcecion,
That I have synnyd in lechoré,
That stynkyng syn forezyf thou me,
And my delectacion.

O Jhesu, at the mount of Olefete,

There blod and water thou con swete,
 To thi Fader when thou dydist pray;
So, Fader, gif thi wyl hit be,
Put envy away fro me,
 And temtacions nyzt and day.

O Jhesu, thi payns were ful strong,
When the skorgis both scharp and long,
 Mad thi body to bled.
To the, Lord, mercé I cry,
Thou kepe me out of glotoné,
 And helpe me at my ned.

O Jhesu, fore thi scharp croune,
That mad the blod to ren adoune
 About thi fayre face,
Ther proud in hert I have be,
Lord unbuxum to the,
 Grawnt mercé and grace.

O Jhesu, as I understond
Thou ched blod at both thi hond,
 When thai were naylid,
Thou cast me out of covetyse,
And graunt me grace sone to aryse,
 Of syn when I am seyld.

O Jhesu, thou bledyst more blod,
Wen thou wast nayld apun the rood,
 Throȝ thi fete with naylis.

Let me never in slouth stynke,
Bot grawnt me grace for to swynke,
Thyng me awaylis.

O Jhesu, blessid be thi bones,
Fore blod and water thou chedist at once,
Out of thi pressious hert.
Out of wrath kepe thou me,
And grawnd me love and charyté,
For thi wondis smert.

O Jhesu, for the peler strong,
Thi bodi was bound therto with wrong,
Y-buffet and y-blend.
That holé cherche as bound me to,
Grawnt me grace that fore to do,
Lest I be chamyd and schent.

O Jhesu, fore thi blesful face,
Thou betoke Veroneca bi grace,
Upon here sudaré.
That face be ne consolacion,
And to the fynd confusion,
That day when I schal dye.

O Jhesu, fore thi holé cros,
Thi body sprad theron was,
Fore our syn sake.
That cros be my proteccion
Aȝayns my nenmys everychon,
Weder I slepe or wake.

O Jhesu, fore thi naylis thre,
That persid the to the rod tre,
Y-drevyn with gret distres;
Thou grawnt me repentawns,
Fore my syns to do penans,
My payns to relese.

O Jhesu, fore the vessel also,
That aysel and gal thai broȝt the to,
That drenke hit was unsete;
That I have synd in glotency,
That stynkyng syn forȝif thou me,
That me hath thoȝt ful swete.

O Jhesu, fore the charp spore,
That throȝ thyn hert Longyus can bere,
That was a blynd knyȝt;
Thou perse me hert with contricion,
Fore the syns I have edone,
As thou ȝif him his syȝt.

O Jhesu, fore the lovelé ladder,
And fore the tongis and fore hamyr,
That laust the fro the tre;
Thou graunt me contemplacion
To theng the fore thi passioun,
That thou soferest fore me.

O Jhesu, as Josep of Haramathé
Beryd the ful onestlé
In his monument,

Fore thi glorious resurexion,
And thi marvelis assencion,
Thou grawnt me remysson,
 Tofore thi jugement.

In worchip of thi holé passion,
And of my syns remysson,
 xv. pater noster y say ;
And xv. avés to Our Lady,
Fore heo is the wel of al pyté,
 That heo wel fore me pray.

He that says this prayere
Every day in the 3ere,
 He worchips euere wonde ;
That Crist sofyrd fore his sake,
Fore his syns amendis to make,
 I-blessid be that stounde.

Wherefore y pray 3oue specially
That 3e say hit dewoutly,
 3oure souls 3e may save ;
Fore Crist hath grawnndtid seche a grace,
In heven he schal have a plasse,
 That other schal no3t have,

That ffulfyld not this prayere,
And worchipt not his passion wyle thai bene here
 With devocion ;
Thes that to him be unkynd,
He wil not have ham in mynd,
 In here trebulacion.

He that techis another mon this,
 He schal be sekyr of heven blis,
 Thus wretyn I fynde;
 Fore thai be blessud of our Lord,
 That heren and don after Godis word,
 And holdyn hit in mynd.
 Explicit de sanguine Christi.

V.

Quomodo Jhesus fuit reprobatus a Judæis.
 O God, the wyche thou woldust, Lorde,
 Fore the redempcion of the worlde
 Of Jewis to be reprevyd.
 And to be betrayd of Judas,
 Of that traytur with a cos,
 Strayt boundyn and dispilid.

And as a lomb and ennosed,
 To be lad to sacrefyce to fore present,
 Of Ann and Kayface;
 Of Pilate, Erod, and moné mo,
 Unsemelé to be offyrd up so,
 That never didist trespace.

And to be acusid of false witnes,
 Reprevyd and scorgid with creuelnes,
 And to be crownd with thorns;
 And to be spit in the face,
 And to be bofet and blyndfuld, alas!
 With moné schamful skorns.

And to be throoullid hond and food
With charp naylus to the rod,
And to be lift up in the cros,
Betwene two thevys for to hyng :
Of aysel and gal thai propberd the drynke,
With a spere thi hert persid was.

Be these most holé payns, Lord,
Fore me synful that thou soffyrd,
I worchip with hert and wylle.
Also fore the holé cros,
Delyver my soule, Lord, fro losse,
Fro the payns of helle.

And led me, Lord, graciously,
Synful wreche and onworthé,
Into that some plasse
Thou ladist the thefe hongyng the by,
And grauntust him grace and thi mercy,
Fore-gif me my trespace.

Wele is him that wil and may
Say this oreson everé day,
Of Cristis passion ;
Out of this word or that he wynd,
Of al his synnus, as wretyn I fynd,
Schal have remysson.

VI.

De septem verbis Jhesu Christi pendentis in Cruce.

O Jhesu Crist hongyng on Cros,
 vij. wordis thou saydest with myld voys,
 Unto the fader of Heven ;
 Be the vertu of tho wordis forezif thou me,
 That I have trespass here to the,
 In the dedlé syns seven.

In pride, in wrath, and in envy,
 In lechory, in glotonry,
 With gret unkyndnes ;
 In slouth, Lord, in thi servyse,
 And in this wordis covetyse,
 Graunt me forezifnes.

O Jhesu, this word furst 3e sayde,
 “ Fader, I am els apayd,
 Graunt ham remission,
 That don me al this turmentré,
 On ham fader have pété,
 That wot not what thai done !”

O Jhesu, so I the beseche,
 Ryzt with her fulli speche,
 Thou graunt myn enmes grace.
 Here mysdedis here to mende,
 Out of this word or thai wynde,
 Fader, thou 3if ham space.

O Jhesu, the theff to the con say,
"Have mynd on me, Lord, I the pray,
When thou cumyst to thi kyngdom."
"Amen, I say thou schalt be
This day in Paradyse with me;
Without syn and schame!"

O Jhesu, my soveren and my Lord,
Have mynd on me with that word
In that same wyse.
When my soule schal wynd away,
Graunt me part, I the pray,
Of the joys of Paradyse.

O Jhesu, thi moder had gret peté,
When heo se the turment on rod tre,
To here thus con thou say :
"Woman, lo I here thi sune,
Take here to thi moder, Jon,
And kepe here now, I the pray."

O Jhesu, for thi moder love,
That is cround in heven with the above,
And Jon, thi dere darlyng;
Fore the love thai hadyn to the,
Uppon my soule thou have peté,
And graunt me good endyng.

O Jhesu, thou saydyst ful petuysly,
"Eloy Lamazabatani,"
With a rewful voyse.

" My God, my God," hit is to say,
" Wy foresakis thou me this day,
Hongyng apon the croyse ?"

O Jhesu Lord, I the pray,
Graunt me grace that I may say,
In tyme of temptacion,
" Fader, thou have mercé on me,
As thou chadist thi blood on rod tre
Fore my redempcion."

O Jhesu, [thou] saydist *cicio*,
Eysel and gal thai propherd the to,
Thou foresoke that bittere drynke ;
Hit were the soulis that were in payn,
To delyver ham thou wast ful fayne
Out of that darke dwellyng.

O Jhesu, graunt me grace to thorst
The water of lyve that ever schal last,
The wel that is ever lyztyng ;
With al the dessire of my hert,
To foresake my synnis with terys smert,
Here in my levyng.

O Jhesu, thou saydist ful specialy,
" *In manus tuas, Domine,*
Commendo spiritum meum.
Out of this word I when schal wynd,
My soule to the I recomend,
Fader, to the I cum !"

O Jhesu, my Lord, and my soveren,
When bodé and soule schal part entwyn,

My speryt I comende
In manus tuas, Domine,
In thi blis with the to be,
Word without ende !

O Jhesu, thou saydist, "al endyd is !"
Labers, sorowys, wooful i-wys,
Thou sofyrd fore synful men.
To us, Lord, thou wast ful kynd,
Graunt us grace to have in mynd
To thonke the here and hen.

And make me worthé, fader dere,
Thi swete voyse that I may here,
In the oure of my partyng,
Cum to me, my chosun blest,
And have the blis that ever schal last,
Word without endyng.

In the worchip of these wordis vij.,
Devoutlé to the fader of heven
Vij. pater-nosters 3e say,
And vij. avés to our lady,
Fore sche is the wel of al peté,
That heo wyl fore me pray.

And graunt me trew confession,
And every contrecion,
Heus ore I wynd;

That Cristis holé passion,
 May be may satisfaccion,
 And scenchip to the fynd.

Welle is him that wil and may
 Worchip these wordis everé day
 With devocion.
 Ful secur then may he be,
 gif he be in love and charyté,
 Hath playn remyssioun.

VII.

De meritis missæ; quomodo debemus audire missam.

Lordis, gif 3e wil lythe,
 Of a thyng I wil zou kytthe,
 Is helth to al monkynd.
 Of the medis of the masse,
 Houevere mon more and lasse,
 Schuld have hem in mynd.

How 3e schul your servyse say,
 your prayers prevelé to pray,
 To hym that mai unbynd,
 In salvyng of your synis seven,
 To Jhesu Godis son in heven,
 Oure fader that we schul fynd.

your faythful fader he schal be fond,
 To everé mon that is ebonde,
 In syn fore to say.

Be his soferens we may se,
How he provys the and me,
And letys us wyle he may.

Fore he is boune our bale to bete,
ȝef we wyl of our syn lete,
Into our deth day.
And ȝif we wyl leve our synne,
He wyl wys us fore to wyne,
To heven the redé way.

What mon long wold sofir to se,
Fore hys syn himselfe to sle,
ȝif he myȝt lif aȝayne ;
Fore ȝif he were fore traytre take,
Then he most amendis make,
Or ellis to be slayne.

Ryȝt, serus, soo most we
In our hertis soré be,
Fore our synnys sake.
And to the prest schryve the,
And do thi penans devoutly,
And this amendis make.

Holeer thyng may no mon here,
Ne lyȝtyr thyng fore to lere,
To lerne men of lore,
To teche mon in what wyse,
Hou thay schal say here servyse,
In chorche when thai be thore.

gif thou to the cherche go,
Toward, froward, or ellis cum fro,
 To here masse gif thou may.
Al the way that thou gase,
An angel payntus thi face,
 The prynce of heven to pay.

So in that oure thou lost noȝt,
That thou hast therin thi thoȝt,
 Thi prayers fore to praye.
Blynd that day thou schalt noȝt be,
The sacrement gif thou may se,
 Soyle, as I the say.

And seche grace God hath the ȝene,
gif thou be clene of syne schrene,
 When thou his bodé ast y-seyne,
, gif thou dey that ilke eday,
Thou schalt be found in the fay,
 As thou houseld hadust bene.

And both thi mete and thi drynke,
Thou schalt wyn with lasse swynke,
 Without travayle or tene.
And gif thou stond in one drede,
Alle day thou schalt the bettyr spede,
 To kever thi cars kene.

Saynt Austyne comawndis ȝoue specially,
That ȝe beleve truly
 In that sacrement.

That he is ther God veray,
That schal 3ou deme at Domysday,
At his jugement.

That sofyrd payne and passione
Here, fore 3our redempcion,
Apon the rod tre.
And grawntis 3ou remission,
3if 3e have contresion,
When schrevyn that 3e be.

When that thai knele to the sacreyng,
Knelis a doune fore one thyng,
And hold up 3our hond.
And thonk that Lord of his grace,
That al thyng land 3ou he has,
Thro3 his swet sond.

Then glad mai 3e be,
3our Saveour so to se,
Tent and 3e wold take;
Fore hit is the same brede
That he dalt or he was dede,
Fore his disipilis sake;

And lafft hit with hem in memoré,
And to ale other pristis truly,
To have hit in mynd;
3every day of the 3ere,
To ofur hit upon his autere,
In salvacion of al monkynd.

And he that ressayus hit worthely,
At that day wen he schal dye,
 Hit is his salvacion ;
And he that is in dedlé syn,
Anon as hit enters him withyn,
 Hit is his dampnacion.

Take ensampil be Judas,
At Cristis soper y wot he was,
 And ete of that blessid bred.
But fore he was in didlé syn,
The fynd entyrd anon him yn,
 Fore his Lord he had betrayd.

Therefore loke that 3e be
In parfite love and charyté,
 And out of dedlésyn ;
Loke what bone that 3e crave,
Aske God and 3e may have,
 And heven blis to wyn.

3owre pater nostere loke 3e con,
And 3our ave, everé mon,
 And specialy 3oure crede,
Ellis esavyd 3e may not be ;
Bot 3e con 3our beleve truly,
 3e stond in grete dred.

For al that ever nedis to the,
And to thi nyztbore truly,
 In the pater noster hit is ;

Vij. petecions ther be in,
 That getis 3ou fore3ifnes of 3our syn,
 And bryngis 3our soule to blis.

V. worchipis thou dost to our Lady;
 When that thou sayst thyn avé,
 Blessid mot heo be!
 Thus angel Gabreel he con say,
 " Hayle, ful of grace, thou swet may!
 God he is with the!"

Xij. arteklus of thi beleve,
 Thus clerkis thai don ham preve,
 That beth in this crede,
 That getyn the salvacion,
 And of thi syns remission,
 And heven to thi mede.

3our x. comawndmentis 3e most con,
 And kepe hem wel everé mon,
 Thus Crist he bede.
 Thi gostlé Fader schal teche tham the,
 Or ellis ful woful schal 3e be,
 Thai stond in gret dred.

The vij. dedlé synns 3e most know,
 Wyche thai bene I wyl 3ou schew,
 Ry3t here anon.
 Pride, covetyse, wrath, envy,
 Lechoré, slouth, and glotoné,
 Here thai bene echon.

gif any of these that 3e in falle,
Anon on Crist loke that 3e calle,
With contricion.
Anon schryve 3ou of 3our syn,
Be frelté gif 3e fal theryn,
And 3e schal have remission.

Then in the cherche 3e knele adowne,
With good hert and devocion,
Hold up 3our hondis then ;
Furst fore 3our selfe 3e schul pray,
Sethen fore fader and moder, as I the say,
And then fore al thi kyn.

And fore thi frynd, and fore thi foo,
And fore thi good doeres also,
Alse moné as thou mai myn ;
And fore the prest that syngis masse,
That God for3if him his trespasse,
And al the cherche beth in.

gif that the prest the masse doth syng,
Be not at thi lykyng,
Therefore let thou no3t.
For the his masse is as good to here,
As ané monkis ore ané frere,
Have this in thi tho3t.

Bot his prayers and his bone,
Be not hard half so sone,
As the mon that wele hath wro3t ;

Y-do 3ou out of dispaire,
The sacrement no mon may mend ne payre,
Theron doctors han so3t.

Both saynt Barnard and saynt Bede,
Sayne the masse is of so gret mede,
That no mon mend hit may,
Weder that be were hold or 3ong,
He my3t tel with no tung,
Tha3 he my3t leve fore ay.

Ne exponere habit opus,
Half the medis of the masse,
Into his last day.
Were he never so wyse of art,
He schuld fayle the v. part
Of the soth to say.

I pray 3ou, serryys, more and lasse,
When 3e stond at 3our masse.
Sum good word 3e say.
Fore as moné as 3e prayn fore,
Securly fore moné a score,
At masse myn 3e may.

All thyng tha3 3e myn no3t,
Hold ham stil in 3our tho3t,
Hom that 3e fore pray.
I do 3ou clene out of dout,
Ther is non the masse without,
Bot he be in hel for ay.

Fore also moné as 3e may myn,
When 3e beth the cherche withyn,
 Ther is non a masse without.
Bot 3if he be in dedlé syn,
And thynke to contenu theryn,
 Then he stondis en dowte.

When that 3e bene in the kerke,
Thenke theron and thenke not erke,
 Hent to the last endyng.
Then have no dout of thi doole,
Thou hast a masse thiself al hole,
 Hit is so hy a thyng.

Saynt Austyn sayth fore soulis here,
A thousand and thou woldist here,
 Do a masse fore to syng ;
Hit is nouthur more ny lasse,
Bot everé soule he hath a masse,
 Hit is to Godis plesyng.

In that houre thou herist thi masse,
Soules hit doth gret solas,
 That byth in payns bidyng.
Of that oure thai beth ful fayne,
Fore hit delyvers hem of here payne,
 This is a gracious thyng.

Fore his love that 3ou dere bo3t,
Have mynd of this, fore3ete hit no3t,
 3e not when 3e schul passe.

ȝif he wil be sekyr and sere
Everé day in the ȝere,
 Loke thou here thi masse.

ȝif thou may not thi masse here,
Then this lesson y rede thou lere,
 When thai to masse do knyلة.
Pray God of his gret grace,
To send the part of that mass,
 ȝif hit be his wylle.

I do the clene out of dout,
That art not that masse without,
 Seche grace is ȝif to the.
Fore thi hert dissiryng,
Thou hast part of beedis and masse synyng,
 Where that ever thou be.

Fore the prest that syngis the masse,
For al astatus more and lasse,
 That is here levyng.
He takis hem in his memoré,
And soulis that beth in purgatoré,
 That God to blis hem bring.

Here-fore, serys, more and lasse,
Everé day here ȝour masse,
 On-morowe ȝif ȝe may.
And ȝif ȝe mai not on-morwe,
Loke ȝe do be undorne,
 Or ellis be mydday.

Sertenly without fayle,
Thou schalt not of thi travayle
Lese a fote of thi way.
Al dai thou schalt be the lyghtur,
And have grace to do the better,
Foresoth as I the say.

3et Saynt Austyn bede take tent,
That he hold no parlement
With no levyng mon.
Fro tyme the cherche 3e ben within,
And the prest he doth begyn
His vestmentus to take on.

Fore wyckid gostis thai wyl hit wyt,
And 3our wordys thay wil ham wryte,
In here bokis everechon.
That witnes wele St. Austyne,
That furst in Englund with his gyn,
The treuth to preche began.

To fore that Awstyn in Englund come,
With Saynt Gregoré in gret Rome,
Ful derelé con he dwel,
Hent on a day of gret dirnes,
Saynt Gregoré wold syng his masse,
So fayre as him befelle.

To the Austyn he mad a syne,
Fore to be his dekyn dene,
To red his gospel.

And as he rod he sau sit
Thre fyendys, as ȝe may wit,
And talis con thai telle.

What thai sayd he herd hit alle,
Throȝ a wyndow of the walle,
No fer fro his face.
He se a fynd sit within,
With pen and enke and parchemen,
As God ȝif him grace.

He wrot so lung ther he did want,
And his parchement wex scant,
To speek thai had space.
With his tethe he con hit tug,
And alfe Rofyn be-gon to rug,
His rolle bigan to rase.

So hard Rofyn rogud his roll,
That he smot with his choule,
Aȝayns the marbystone.
Of that dynt thai had gret doute,
Al that setyn ther aboute,
Fore thai herd hit echon.

When the fynd so hard drou,
Saynt Austyn stod and low,
Saynt Gregoré con grame.
Never the less for grame he get,
Sone after masse the Austyn he met,
And mysdele mad his mone.

He sayd to him with myld mode,
"What aylid the, thou wytytles woode,
To dai to do this dede?
Seche a dede was never done."
Then he answerd him ful sone,
Fore of him he had gret drede.

"Sere, greve 3e nozt or 3e wyt,
Fore 3onder I se a Satanas sit,
Hit semyd his hed did blede.
What he wrot to fore he brayd,
That iij. wyvys seton and sayde,
As I stod to rede."

"I was adenyd of that dynt,
Hit stonede me, and mad me stont
Styl out of my steven;
I schal 3ou tel what I se,
And word therof I wyl nozt lye,
Be Godis son in heven!

"Syr, 3e may wyl trow
He lad hym to the wyndow,
Cum nere, syr, and sene."
The saynt Gregoré was adred,
Fore blak blood he se e-spred
Apon the aschelere even.

Then this good mon grevyd him lasse,
And comawndit at evenmasse
Of this mater to myn.

Kepe 3ou out of Godis wreke,
Fore ther is no word that 3e speke
Bot 3e don syn.

Therefore, serys, with good wyl,
Loke that 3e hold 3ou styl
The cherche when 3e bene in ;
A prest to stone in his masse
All alond may fare the worse
Out of wo to wyn.

The chorche is a house of prayere,
Holdhile to Godis honoure,
To worchip hym therin ;
What rightful bone that 3e crave,
Aske God and 3e schul have,
And before 3evyn of 3our syn.

Hit were hand to oure behove,
Uche prefende fore to prove
Of our awntros alle.
Here shortlé I wyl chew hit
Lewd men for to know hit,
Crist on fore to calle.

In the cherche thou knele adown,
With good hert and devocion
Hold up thi hondis then :
Fore thi-self furst thou pray,
Fore fader and moder as I the say,
And sethyn fore all thi kyn ;

And fore the weder and fore the pes,
And fore men and women mo and lees,
That Crystyndam han tane;
In the name of the Treneté
Then pater noster say thou iij.,
Say furst in Cristis name.

Then v. pater noster thou schalt say,
To pray him that best may
To gyf the wit and grace.
The v. wyttis so to spende
Thi synful soule here to amend,
To heven to folow the trasse.

Sethin unto the Holé Gost,
To kepe the out of werkis wast,
And out of dedlé syn;
Ten pater noster say thou then,
Fore brekyng of thi hestis ten,
And thus thou schalt begyn.

On the werkeday 3if that thou be
About thi labor treuly,
In word as thou most nede.
On the haléday thou fulfyl,
Right as I have sayd the tyll,
And thou art out of drede.

And oche eday thi masse thou here,
And take halé bred and halé watere
Out of the prestis hond;

Soche grace God hath 3if the,
3if that thou dey sodenly
Fore thi housil hit schal the stond.

Fore suche a power that blessing hit has,
That God blessud the bred in wildernes,
And two fychis also,
And fedd therwith v. thosand men,
xij. lepus of relef laft after then,
Soche lordis ther be no moo.

And also loke that 3e be
In perfyte love and charyté,
And out of dedlé syn ;
What ryztful bone that 3e crave,
Aske God and 3e schul have,
And heven blis to wyn.

Alle that han herd this sermon
A c. days of pardon,
Saynt Gregoré grauntis 3ou this.
Out of this word wen 3e sch[al] wynd,
Jeshu save 3ou from the fynd,
And bring 3our soule to blis.

NOTES.

P. 1, l. 1.—The MS. commences imperfectly, and there is nothing to show how much is lost; but it must have been more than eleven leaves. See p. 10.

P. 3, l. 1.—*Cayme*.] This is the usual early orthography of Cain's name. See *Piers Ploughman*, ed. Wright, p. 166.

P. 4, l. 1.—*Nou ȝif a woman*.] This, and the following stanza are repeated by Audelay at f. 30 of the same MS.

P. 4, l. 9.—*Herein alwyse*.] Read, here in al wyse.

P. 4, l. 16.—*Honne*.] *i.e.* own.

P. 4, l. 24.—*Ayris*.] *i.e.*, heirs. A similar orthography occurs in other places. See p. 12.

P. 5, l. 3.—*Loteby*.] *i.e.*, a private companion, a bed-fellow. So in *Piers Ploughman*, p. 52.

She blesseth thise biashopes,
Theigh thei be lewed;
Provendreth persones,
And preestes maynteneth,
To have lemmans and *lotebies*
Alle hire lif daies,
And bryngeth forth barnes,
Aȝein forbode lawes.

P. 5, l. 22.—Ezekiel xxxiii. 11.

P. 8, l. 22.—*Fayth, hope, and charyté*.]—Alluding to St. Paul's Epist. to the Corinthians, xiii. 13.

P. 9, l. 22.—*Br*.] Read, be.

P. 10, l. 14.—*The day of dome*.] These four verses were probably dictated by Audelay, and go far to prove that the

MS. was the first copy made. The leaf referred to is lost with the commencement.

P. 11, l. 5.—This is the conclusion of the creed of St. Athanasius.

P. 11, l. 6.—*Forsston.*] Read, fonsston.

P. 11, l. 19.—*Mandata serva.*] Read, *mandata ejus serva.* This is from Ecclesiastes xii. 13.

P. 12, l. 7.—1 Corinth. iii. 19.

P. 12, l. 21.—John xiv. 15.

P. 13, l. 2.—*Saucour.*] Read, Saveour.

P. 13, l. 11.—*Marcol.*] See another allusion to Marcolf at p. 50. The dialogue between this personage and Solomon, was a favorite piece of the middle ages. The following is given as a specimen. It seems that Solomon was so enraged with him, that he positively commanded Marcolf never to let him see him again “between the eyes;” and the history proceeds as follows:—

“Marcolphus vero moleste ferens injuriam sibi de rege factam, et quod jusserat ut eum amplius in mediis oculis non videret, cogitabat quid ageret. Deinde nocte insecuta nix multa de cœlo cecidit. Tunc Marcolphus cepit cribrum in manu una, et pedem ursi in manu altera, et calceamenta sua transversa, et quasi bestia quatuor pedibus per plateas urbis cepit ire. Cum autem venisset extra civitatem, invenit furnum unum, et intravit in eum. Nocte autem abeunte, dies venit, et familiares regis surgentes, tramitem Marcolphi invenerunt, et æstimantes esse tramitem alicujus mirabilis bestię, regi nunciaverunt. Tunc rex cum copula canum, et cum venatoribus cœpit persequi vestigia Marcolphi. Cum autem venisset ante furnum, et vestigia defecissent, descendunt ad os furni inspicere. Marcolphus vero jacebat in facie sua curvatus, et deposuit bracam suam, apparebantque ei nares, culus, curgulio, et testiculi. Quem videns rex ait: Quis est hic

qui ibi jacet? Marcolph. ego sum. Respondit Salomon: Quomodo, inquit, ita jaces? Marcol. Tu præcepisti mihi ne amplius me videres in mediis oculis: si autem non vis me videre in mediis oculis, videas me in medio culi.—(*Ad fin. Epist. Obscurorum Virorum*, 12mo. Franc. 1643, p. 603.)

P. 13, l. 25.—Matthew vi. 21.

P. 14, l. 7.—*Secatour*.] i.e. an executor. This class of persons fall under a severe satire in an old proverb printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*,—"Two *secaturs* and an overseer make three thieves."

P. 15, l. 17.—*Bayard*.] Probably the term for a bay horse. The old proverb of Bayard the Blind is the reverse of "look before you leap." Audelay compares himself to old blind Bayard.

P. 15, l. 25.—Matthew xxv. 41.

P. 16, l. 12.—*Oure gentil ser Jone*.] Audelay here describes one of his brother monks, and in lines of no contemptible merit. The baselard, though often worn by priests, was forbidden, and John Marks, in his poem on the duties of a parish priest, inveighs strongly against its being worn by persons in holy orders. Compare *Piers Ploughman*, p. 302.

If lewed men wiste
What this Latyn meneth,
And who was myn auctour,
Muche wonder me thinketh,
But if many a preest beere,
For hir baselardes and hir broches,
A peire of bedes in hir hand,
And a book under hir arme.
Sire Johan and sire Geoffrey
Hath a girdel of silver,
A *baselard* or a ballok-knyf,
With botons over gilte.

P. 16, l. 25.—Ecclesiastes i. 2,

P. 18, l. 14.—*Aperte et distincte.*] The indistinct manner in which the reading or chanting was often performed, furnished subject for many complaints. See Wright's notes to *Piers Ploughman*, p. 547. The following verses are in MS. Lansd. 762:—

Hii sunt qui Psalmos corrumpunt nequiter almos :
 Jangler cum jasper, lepar, galper quoque, draggar.
 Momeler, for-skypper, for-reynner, sic et over-leper,
 Fragina verborum Tutivilkus colligit horum.

P. 18, l. 17.—*Mi pepyl.*] See Matthew xv. 8.

P. 19, l. 1. A Latin heading is here so nearly destroyed by the binder, as to be unintelligible.

P. 22, l. 1.—*A cheré fayre.*] Cherry fairs are still held in Worcestershire on Sunday evenings, in the cherry orchards ; and being often made the resort for lovers, and the light and gay, may appropriately retain their significant type of the uncertainty and vanity of the things of this world. The simile is used by Gower, and other early writers. The cherry season was a time of some consequence in our Western counties, and, in some respects, is so still. See *Piers Ploughman*, p. 86.

P. 22, l. 10.—*Bodyms.*] Read, bodyius.

P. 23, l. 10.—Luke xiv. 11.

P. 23, l. 14.—*Abatê.*] Read, abate.

P. 24, l. 26.—Leviticus xxii. 31.

P. 28, l. 12.—Matthew vii. 7.

P. 28, l. 26.—Luke xi. 9.

P. 31, l. 3.—*Apeny.*] Read, a peny.

P. 31, l. 10.—Luke vi. 36.

P. 31, l. 24.—*Nullum.*] See 1 Peter iii. 9. We should here probably read *non*.

P. 32, l. 26.—*To Oxford to scole.*] These curious lines have already been quoted by Mr. James Heywood in his edi-

tion of the Merton College Statutes. In the second line we should read *hyndryd*.

P. 33, l. 20.—*Ald.*] This form of the word may be still heard in Shropshire.

P. 36, l. 14.—John x. 14.

P. 36, l. 25.—Matthew xvi. 19.

P. 37, l. 15.—*A loller.*] The origin of the term *lollard* is doubtful; but according to Mr. Wright, it seems to mean generally people who go about from place to place with a hypocritical show of praying and devotion, nearly corresponding to the modern appellation of *methodists*. Here it refers to the new sect which had sprung up with Wickliffe, but the term was certainly in use both in Germany and in England, long before the reformed religion was broached in this country by the reformer of Lutterworth. Johannes Hocsemius, quoted by Ducange, says in his chronicle of the year 1309, "*Eodem anno quidam hypocritæ gyrovagi, qui Lollardi sive Deum laudantes vocabantur, per Hannoniam et Brabantiam quasdam mulieres nobiles deceperunt.*" The term, used in the latter part of the fourteenth century as one of reproach, was afterwards contemptuously given to the Church reformers.

P. 40, l. 7.—Matthew vi. 24.

P. 44, l. 11.—*Ressayns.*] Read, *ressayus*.

P. 44, l. 22.—Luke, i. 37.

P. 48, l. 22.—*Præliantur.*] Read, *præmunitur*.

P. 49, l. 26.—*Loveday*] So in the *House of Fame*, ii. 187:—

Mo *love-dayis*, and mo accordes,
Than on instrumentis ben cordes,
And eke of love mo exchaungis
Than ever corne were in graungis.

P. 49, l. 27.—Psalm lxxxv. 10.

P. 49, l. 29.—*Asise.*] Read, *asise*.

P. 51, l. 3.—*Favel.*] Flattery. So in *Piers Ploughman*, p. 28:—

Loke up on thi left half,
 And lo where he stondeth !
 Both Fals and *Favel*,
 And hire feeres manye.

P. 53, l. 11.—*Make amendys*.] The following extract from various MS. of the fifteenth century, in the Public Library Cambridge, Ff. ii. 38, will illustrate this passage:—

Man, yf thou wilt of batayls blynnne,
 And charyté kepe in eche chaunce,
 My mercy soone schalt thou wynne,
 So thou do fruytys of penaunce.
 Loke thyn herte be contryte wythynne,
 And sory for thy mysgovernaunce ;
 What profytyth the to shryve thy synne,
 But thou in herte have repentaunce ?
 Thou scornest, and penance doyst thou noone,
 For thy synne but thyn herte be sore ;
 For worldely losse thou makest moone,
 Thou synnest and sorowest noght therefore.
 And yf thy body were woo begone,
 What byttur medycyne the ȝeven were,
 Joying thou woldest hyt take anoone,
 To boodely hele the to restore.
 Thy sowle with synne ys goostly slayne,
 And thou with-owt sorow thy synne telles ;
 To do soche penaunce thou art not fayne,
 As thy schryfte, Fadur, the counsayles.
 Thou wylt never restore aȝayne
 False gotten good that thou wyth melles.
 Man thou muste algates suffre payne
 For thy synne here, or somewhere elles .
 Hyt ys impossyble and may not be,
 To passe fro yoye to yoye worthy :
 Take the cross to the and folow me,
 If thou wylt to my blys up styve,
 Sekenes and all adversayté,
 Whatsoever cometh suffre pacyently.
 Hate alwey synne and fro hyt flee,
 And make amendys, man, or thou dye !
 Lord, yf me grace amendys to make,
 For of my selfe me saylyth powere,
 Synne that ys deedly to forsake,
 And to do dedys that worthy meryte were.
 In this worlde send me woo and wrake,
 For synnes that y have doon seere ;
 Who hath no dysese here he may qwake,
 Them that thou lovest thou chaastysest here !

For my sake xxx jeere and moo,
 Grete travayle in erthe for me thou hadd ;
 Thy modur and thy postelys also,
 In grete dyscesse ther lyfeyls they ladde.
 In adversyté and moche woo,
 Marturs and confessours weren cladd ;
 In soche a compeny to go,
 In thy lyverey y schule be gladd.
 Sythen the derlyng that with the doythe dwelle,
 Had soche an adversyté in thys lyfe ;
 What hert may thenk or tunge telle,
 The peyne, the angwysch, and the stryfe
 That dampned men schulle have in helle,
 There endeles woos and sorowes ben ryfe ?
 I wole for-sake my synnes felle,
 And to a dyscreeet prest y wole me schryfe ;
 In trewe penaunce ys myn entente,
 From hens forward my tyme to spende,
 And kepe y wole thy commaundement,
 Ellys in helle fyre y schalle be brende !
 Ryalle repeyre, ryche robes, and rente,
 What may they helpe me at myn ende ?
 But y the serve y schalle be schente,
 Mercy, Jesue, y wole amende !

P. 58, l. 8.—*Aysel.*] i.e. vinegar.

P. 59, l. 13.—*Eucere.*] Read, everé.

P. 60, l. 13.—*Cos.*] i.e. a kiss.

P. 63, l. 2.—Luke xxiii. 42.

P. 63, l. 4.—Luke xxiii, 43.

P. 63, l. 26.—Matthew xxvii. 46.

P. 64, l. 1.—Mark xvi. 34.

P. 64, l. 10.—John xx. 28.

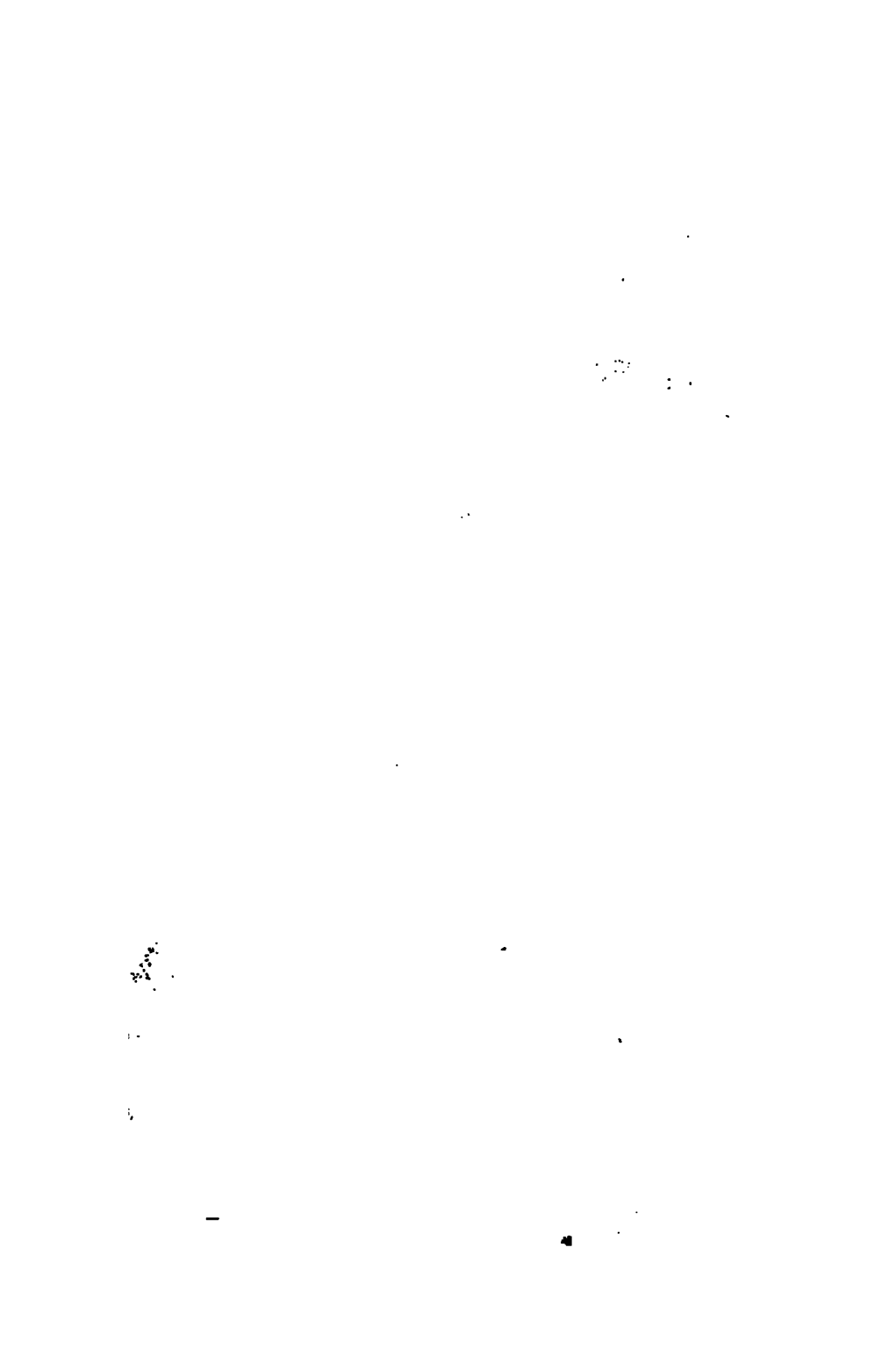
P. 64, l. 23.—Luke xxiii. 46.

P. 65, l. 7.—John xx. 30.

P. 71, l. 8.—Luke i. 28.

P. 76, l. 7.—This legend does not seem to be in the *Acta Sanctorum*, but see ii. 153.

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